

CONCERNING LADY O'LOONEY

(Continued from Page 7.)

how I feel that by having had to sacrifice our joys we can now face life more clearly, more serenely. That is our hope."

"Hope?" said Clara, rather bitterly.

"Yes, hope," and Grace's voice was ringing. "Hope, because we've enjoyed things; you, your triumph, and I, my—love. It's made us braver and fitter, don't you understand? Braver and fitter for things that are coming—fitter for the joys and braver for the pains. And we shan't be afraid when the next thing comes, whatever it is, and it doesn't matter what it is; love or motherhood, or politics, or business, or art. I won't care what it is, we'll be bigger and finer people because we won't be afraid of having a bad time and because we took our licking—like men."

Clara looked at her steadily. "Like men," she said. "How funny you are, G! We're not men."

"We should be," said Grace. "If men have beaten us, it's because they were finer. They could do things better, and they could stand them better; what we've got to do is to do them and to stand them as well, and then women will be big, serene people, too, and they won't be afraid."

"It sounds all right," said Clara. "Perhaps you're right. But what have we got left, after all?"

"We've got our old happiness," said Grace, "that can't die * * * Somebody said to me once—Enoch said to me once, 'he that hath the ashes of a friend hath an eternal treasure'—that's about it."

Mary cuts in.

"Well, I've had good things, too." She smiled. "A pretty good thing, now you come to think of it; I've made something of marriage. It isn't easy, you know, being what it is. I've

heard people talk of free love and all that sort of thing; I don't know, I'm not clever, but it seems to me we've got to take it as it is and see what we can do. Perhaps it means that we've got to find the thing to do when we're married—I hardly know. Anyhow, not to be lazy or have a good time. Children, that's a way—that's how I look at it. One can't help being fond of them if one has enough—a sort of habit, so I'm not sorry. Sometimes I think it wasn't the best thing I could do, and sometimes I think it was the best thing in the world, and then the baby cries, or something, and I stop thinking, and it's all right. Marriage is pretty difficult, you know, but it strikes me that if you take it my way, well—there's hope."

"Hope?" murmured Clara. "I wonder whether there is hope for anybody?"

"Yes," said Mary, very gentle, "there's hope for everybody—even for wives."

And here Mr. George closes about the keenest exposition of a universally discussed question that has been printed: a big, fearless, magnificently written, sad, sad novel.

Will the reader, if not weary, turn to the old epitaph in Pewsey church, which is printed just opposite the beginning of Mr. George's first chapter. He will find it amusing and illuminating.

"Here lies the body of

Lady O'Looney,

Great-Niece of Burke, commonly

called the sublime.

She was

blond, passionate and deeply religious;

also she painted in water colors,

And sent several pictures to the exhibition.

She was first cousin to Lady Jones,

and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Reedy's Mirror.

EGG-STRAORDINARY

A paper put out by the government tells all about eggs, the extent of the business, the annual losses, the scientific method of handling; the extent of the business, etc., from which we learn that the egg crop is next to the corn crop in magnitude, amounting to \$750,000,000 per annum in the United States; that more than \$100,000,000 per annum is lost through carelessness and waste in handling; in New York City alone nine million eggs are lost annually before they can be disposed of as fresh eggs; then good eggs are often condemned because their owners have given them a premature age look through handling them with soiled hands.

How many that will not bear the tests are finally converted into cake by the confectioners are mercifully withheld from our knowledge.

People who handle eggs are enjoined to gather them daily, to keep them in cool places; to assort them in cool rooms and to get them to market as quickly as possible.

In assorting the different sizes must be considered, the different colors, and ages. Old man Wilson when he was at the head of the agricultural department, went to work to teach the people how to handle. In a way to avoid the fearful losses. In some of the eastern states the government sends cars around periodically to gather the eggs from the producers. These cars have experts abroad who have reduced inspection to so fine a point that they can tell by the color of a hen what kind of an egg she will lay. But the main thing is to keep the eggs in a cool place and sell them as soon as possible.

Casey—They say Murphy is dead. He was after bein' quite an athlete. Maloney—He was shot. Shure, he'll miss his could bath in the mornin' now.—Town Topics.

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